A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee.
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, stoode in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
That lay to heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole state:
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ransome to lie forfeited,
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Counsell boord,
In rage dismisde my Father from the Court,
Broke othe on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This head of safetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I rerurne this answere to the King?
Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shall my Vncle
Bring him our purpose; and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.
Hot. And may be, so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good *Sir Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord *Marshall*,
This to my cosen *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haste.
Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsburie*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King with mighty and quicke raysed power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose power was in the first proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,